

NETFLIX

AND
CHILL

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INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Minimalist, couch, small table, kitchenette and an unmade bed to the rear. Door to a bathroom, door to the outside, window giving a glimpse of a stormy night.

Not much more bar the two figures on the couch, sitting in the dark watching a movie on a laptop.

BEA, 19, clothes and makeup give goth sensibilities but the fashionable type rather than the multiple piercings and commitment type.

Her face is illuminated by the screen as she bites her upper lip as fear starts to build.

A camera POV shot as someone moves slowly down a street, the camera scans peoples' shocked faces as the unseen protagonist walks through them.

Also illuminated by the screen is, STEVO, 20, sandstone blonde, joggers and a T - jock type, dumb as, but eminently fuckable in Bea's humble opinion.

The scene shifts slightly, the perspective now of running through the people on the sidewalk who jump to get out of the way of the manic presence careening down the street.

Bea shifts in her seat, fear making her scrunch in on herself a little.

BEA
(to Stevo)
Scary shit.

No answer.

She nudges Stevo.

He snores in response.

BEA (cont'd)
(fake macho voice)
Yeah babe, come over for Halloween,
we can Netflix n chill with some
wine, and well, ya know...

She sighs and swirls the last gulp or two of the white wine in the glass dangling from her hand.

BEA (cont'd)
Truth told, was kinda hoping Netflix
n chill would be a bit more energetic
than this.

She downs the wine.

He snores again.

She sighs again.

On the screen the point of view has shifted again, now the unseen protagonist runs down a dimly lit alley weaving through piles of trash and glancing to the fire escapes as they rush along.

The unseen protagonist stops by a sleeping HOMELESS GUY, whirls round to look behind.

No one else around.

No witness.

A SCREAM from her laptop as Homeless Guy wakes to find them standing above them.

Bea jumps in fright at the unexpected sound.

BEA (cont'd)

Fuck.

She glances at Stevo who sleeps on.

BEA (cont'd)

My protector.

She laughs, nervously.

Returns her attention to the laptop where running down the alley has recommenced.

BEA (cont'd)

Fuck it.

She pauses the movie, puts the laptop on the carpet and leaves the room.

After a few moments, the sound of a toilet been used.

She returns still buttoning up her jeans.

Heads for the fridge with the half-empty wine bottle.

Picks up the laptop.

The screen no longer shows an alley, now it shows a different street view, this one deserted, save for a few wisps of atmospheric mist.

BEA (cont'd)
What the fuck, I paused you.

Bea tries to rewind, but it stays stuck on the street scene.

BEA (cont'd)
Is that?

She heads to the window, looks down to the street below,
similar, very similar.

She shakes her head and returns to the couch, sits and hits
play.

Now the camera is in a stairwell, at the bottom steps,
camera view angled up.

Climbs the stairs.

She peers at the screen.

BEA (cont'd)
Odd.

Stevo turns.

BEA (cont'd)
Oh, finally...

He rolls over further, still snoring.

On screen the light in the stairwell flickers off, back on,
repeats.

Footsteps ECHO from the speaker.

Bea moves her head side to side, straining to hear
something.

BEA (cont'd)
Definitely the movie.

Bea hunkers down again, watches the scene unfold as the view
gets to the top of the stairs.

A hand opens a door onto a hallway.

BEA (cont'd)
What the actual!

Bea pauses the screen again, gets up and goes to the
apartment door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bea opens the apartment door and peers out, scans the doors of the other three apartments that share this section of hallway.

240, 239, 238...

All is quiet.

But the frown on her face says it all... it's very similar to the hallway in her movie.

Bea shuts the door.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She locks and chains the door before returning to her seat and the paused screen.

Stevo remains oblivious.

BEA
Spooking myself now.

She picks up, then immediately drops the laptop.

On screen, no longer paused, the camera moves towards an apartment door.

A hand reaches to open it.

Bea holds her breath, waits for the door to open.

On screen the door is stopped from opening by the security chain.

The chain RATTLES.

Bea SCREAMS.

But her door doesn't open.

Doesn't rattle, chain or otherwise.

A groggy Stevo rolls over.

STEVO
Did you just scream?

On screen, the door is open and the camera moves inside, approaches the couch.

A hand, holding a knife, swings down on screen.

Bea SCREAMS again, backs away and trips over the laptop.

STEVO (cont'd)
What the hell you freaking out about?

He picks up the laptop.

STEVO (cont'd)
Watch the gear babe, not cheap.

He inspects the screen for damage.

STEVO (cont'd)
Unharmmed.

Belatedly, he helps Bea to her feet.

STEVO (cont'd)
What you watching anyway.

He checks out the still running footage.

STEVO (cont'd)
Oh, the good bit. No cap, this scene
is insane.!

On screen the knife plunges repeatedly into a prone figure,
blood flying up filling the camera lens with a dark red tint
until it eventually fades to black.

Credits start to roll.

STEVO (cont'd)
Oh wow, forgot Netflix had this one,
wild.

Bea pushes the laptop shut, picks up the wine bottle.

STEVO (cont'd)
You will totally never guess where
they filmed it?

Bea stares open mouthed into his dumb smiling face.

BEA
I could hazard a fucking guess.

He laughs, oblivious to her anger.

STEVO
Wanna watch something else and, ya
know --

BEA

Chill?

He smiles, looking dumber than ever, nods eagerly.

BEA (cont'd)

Chill on this.

She pulls the front of his joggers forward and pours the wine into his crotch.

Stalks out of the apartment.

STEVO

Wha?

Door slams shut.

STEVO (cont'd)

What'd I do?